

WHAT CAN BE DONE, JUDGED BY WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.—The success of the cotton mills at Columbus, Georgia, shows very plainly that all that is needed in the South to establish manufactories is to try. Great things for great people; and the poorest may become great by proper use of time and proper display of energy. We may not make of the South a New England in a few years in the production of manufactured fabrics, but we may do a great deal that way. The great need of the South, undoubtedly, at this time, is a strong increase of her manufacturing interests. Below is a statement from the Columbus Sun, showing what was done in that place in one season:

"The Columbus manufactories, during the season of 1872-'3, took 7,428 bales of cotton, an excess of 598 over the previous year, and 2,301 more than the season before that. At 17½¢, a low price, this cotton cost \$37.50 per bale, or a total of \$284,950. This cotton, without our mills, would have brought this and nothing more. The shipper could have made but small commissions. The staple was passed through our manufactories, and its value enhanced three-fold—advanced from \$649,950 to \$1,949,850. This gives to Columbus \$1,299,900 above the price which she paid the planter, and she has all the advantages of the latter's trade. This tells a truth of which Columbus can be proud, and gives a clue to the path which leads to the financial independence of the South. The matter of greatest pride, too, is, that the capital invested came almost exclusively from our own section. The Federal soldiers destroyed four cotton factories for us in 1865, burned 60,000 bales of cotton and ruined millions of other property, but everything almost has been restored by Southern money and brains. Hardly any outside help has been received. The strong probability, almost certainty, is that three more mills will be built here before another year rolls around. The Eagle and Phoenix Company have already contracted for the flooring for mill No. 3. It is another pleasing fact, that one of our mills is manufacturing largely the finer grades of cotton and woolen goods. Here, too, is made the cotton blanket, which is turned out by no other establishment in the United States. Productions are sold in all parts of the country, and are in great demand. The manufactories in Columbus now run 32,000 spindles and 900 looms. If the same progress is made in the future as the last seven years have manifested, we will have in ten more years, over 72,000 spindles and 2,200 looms in operation. The power of our river is sufficient to run millions of spindles at very little cost. The present dam, at lowest water, will keep going 180,000. Lowell himself may yet be complimented by being called the 'Columbus of the North,' as it is now the pride of Columbus to have won the title of the 'Lowell of the South.'"

Seeing what she has done, Columbus may be pardoned the vanity of the last sentence quoted. Let the statement of facts here given be pondered. What has been done by Columbus may be done by Columbia.

THE FARMERS' GRANGES.—The official report of the growth of the Granges, issued September 6, shows a whole number of sub-granges reported at headquarters to be 6,062. These are distributed as follows: Alabama 45, Arkansas 41, California 56, Florida 6, Georgia 137, Illinois 613, Indiana 358, Iowa 1,700, Kansas 502, Kentucky 1, Louisiana 16, Massachusetts 4, Michigan 65, Minnesota 319, Mississippi 287, Missouri 718, Nebraska 314, New Hampshire 3, New Jersey 3, New York 9, North Carolina 73, Ohio 114, Oregon 26, Pennsylvania 16, South Carolina 146, Tennessee 107, Texas 9, Vermont 25, Virginia 3, West Virginia 7, Wisconsin 200, Colorado 2, Dakota 13, Canada 8. Thus the advance of the "farmers' movement" is certainly very rapid. As the organization was not known to the general public a year ago, its popularity and growth are without precedent in the annals of social movements. It is a noticeable and curious fact that it has taken deepest root in the West and South-west. South Carolina has 146 granges, Tennessee and Georgia over 100 each, Mississippi nearly 300, and Missouri over 700. If anything were needed to show that the grange business is either non-partisan or the development of a new and very extraordinary political party, it is in the fact that the States already named affiliate with Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota, in all of which the grange movement has apparently come to stay, especially in Iowa, where there are 1,700 of its camp fires. In the East it has thus far run lightly. As populous a State as New York has only 9 granges, Pennsylvania 16, all New England less than 40. It is a movement spreading over sections of country so diverse in their social and political character that it is not easy to analyze and define the bond of sympathy that makes it a unit.

Correspondence of the Phoenix.

WALHALLA, September 19, 1873.

The latter days of August and the first week in September were extremely oppressive in their heat here, but relieved measurably by the lower temperature and cooling breezes which prevailed at night. Restored by sound sleep and sustained by wholesome food, and exercising proper care, a man may defy the thermometer, even if above ninety degrees. We were pleased, however, to have the opportunity, during the heated term, of a few days' visit to Tommassee, the cool retreat of Christopher Jones, Esq., ten miles East of this place, and nestled in a valley as beautiful as that of Tempe, in a frame-work of mountains which soar in grandeur and beauty only a few miles away on the North, West and East. The place derives its name from Tommassee Knob, a pointed peak on the South-west, only one and a half miles off, the seat of the patriotic Gen. Pickens, whose house, built just after the close of the revolutionary war, in which he figured as a gallant officer, flanked by a row of venerable cedars of his own planting, is still shown at its Northern base, and is still a commodious dwelling. Gen. Pickens commanded the Southern militia at the battle of the Cowpens, 17th January, 1781, and by his good conduct, contributed much to the success of the American arms. He was honored by Congress with a sword for his gallantry in this battle. From the Knob issues Tommassee Creek, a pretty stream, which runs transversely into the lower end of the valley, where, just below the residence, it falls into Little River, which, like another Penaeus, passes directly through it. As they come down the mountain-sides and pass through the valley, they are of no considerable size; but united and receiving other tributaries, become copious and swift, having a rapid descent over shoals, and suggest to the utilitarian eye other uses than the idle flow of their waters to the sea.

The mansion of Mr. Jones occupies the brow of a gently sloping hill, and commands from its piazzas charming views of the valley, the streams which intersect it and the encircling mountains. Here was it pleasant to pass in frequent review the magnificent panorama of mountain slopes, heights, ridges and peaks, bathed in the glory of the richest sun-light, or darkened by welcome shadows of passing clouds, or veiled in soft curling mists. Here, in sight of the last battle-ground of the Cherokee tribes, and near the old Indian town of Cheochee, imagination took a backward flight, and became busy in picturing the simple life of the aborigines, the chase, with its romantic wanderings and unflinching pursuit, and the battle strife, with its blood, cruelty and revenge. And it traveled away sometimes from these active scenes, from bloody trails, the stealthy watch and the sudden and deadly onset, to the fireside and the feast, the camp and the dance, the repose and the abandon, when the day's toils of chase or battle were over. Not infrequently, it strayed to the peaceful, humble abodes of the family, where the females plied their daily tasks, or sought the refreshing coolness of the streams, bathing their lithe limbs, combing their hair, like the Spartan women in the Euratos, or, mayhap, courting and coquetting with the reflection of their beauty glassed in the limpid Tommassee. One cannot resist peeping again these wild scenes with their original population, who have left the impress of their soft names on all the mountains and streams which they were compelled to leave, and who as late as 1816 held a tract of 150,000 acres, embracing all the country lying within the Chatuga River, the Blue Mountains and a line drawn from Palaezi Bridge, on Toruro River, No. 45, E. Having sold out to the State, they retreated to the other side of the mountains and to the Chatuga River. Here and beyond a remnant of them remains, and employ themselves in gathering ginseng, snake root, pink root, skins, &c., and in making baskets and earthenware. They occasionally come back in small squads to their old homes, to collect willow for basket-making, and perhaps influenced by the instinct of affection and regret for scenes which, though lost, are still dear to them. Their memory is better perpetuated in the familiar sounds of Keowee, Seneca, Takwasaw, or Chagee, Chauga, Oconee, Estatoe, Jocassee, Cheochee, Quacorathee, Tagaloo, Noyowee, Chickaree, Tokaway, Tommassee, Oolonee, Keshwee, Genesitee, Isundigaw, Conorees, Chatuga, &c.

Under the guidance of Mr. Grant, a friend of our host, we made a visit on horseback to Silver Run Falls, about four miles from Tommassee. Crossing Little River and passing out of the valley, we went most of the way upon a pleasant ridge, between the Knob and the mountains. We came to a wild glen, and after ascending it a mile, were compelled to leave our horses and go on foot. As we climbed, it increased in wildness, and in the richness, variety and magnificence of its ferns, moss and stately trees. We noticed oak, hickory, chestnut, walnut, poplar, ash, elm, spruce pine, beech, birch, elder, laurel, ivy, buck-eye, and a rich carpeting of ferns and flora. On either side towered abrupt cliffs of limestone rock, threatening to fall on our heads. After hard climbing of three-fourths of a mile, we reached the point of highest interest, where Silver Run makes a descent of eighty feet, to the gorge below, from the brow of a cliff, scattering its spray in all directions. It is somewhat similar to the Staubbach, (dust fall,) in Switzerland, which Lord Byron compares to the flowing tail of the pale horse in the book of Revelations. Saturated with the scene, and sprinkled with the spray, we made our way back, admiring the noble growth which stood like gigantic sentinels over the stillness and solitude all along our route. We were just too

slow to reach Tommassee before a smart shower caught us in its embrace. This was not so pleasant, but was attended with no hurtful consequences. Dry clothes, agreeable company, good cheer and the resources of a well-stored library, made ample amends for the temporary inconvenience.

Next day we made another trip to Little River Shoals, about two miles East from Mr. Jones' residence. Here the river has attained a volume of twenty-five feet in width by five feet depth at low water. And here nature has constructed an immense natural dam of solid granite, over which the never-failing stream is precipitated thirty feet. The land is so situated immediately below the fall as to present admirable sites for factory buildings, and the water can be led easily along a slope, doing duty at available points for several hundred yards. The natural rock dam is twenty-five feet broad on top and level, stretching at right angles across the bed of the stream for 150 feet. A gentleman of experience and judgment in manufacturing has described the place and its advantages with fine effect, saying that there is power enough here to run all the mills at Holyoke or Chicopee, Massachusetts. "Standing," he says, "in the centre of this rock dam, you can dip your hand into the stream above, while you can drop a pebble into the river below, a height of thirty feet; the face of the fall is not perpendicular, but abounds in numerous cascades, bounding, dashing and foaming among the rocks below, where a sudden bend in the river takes its further course out of view. On your right hand, just below the abutment rock, the land gently slopes off to near a level, and no one could doubt that this is the spot for factory buildings. The break in the dam, with its central pier, could be locked with a flood-gate, or could be walled up with rock and cement in a few days, placing the entire stream under human control, by opening a flume or race behind and around the rocky abutment before mentioned. And here I would mention that if an additional height of fall were required, this could be readily increased to fifty feet by building upon the natural dam from abutment to abutment."

What a magnificent property! All that is needed to make it a mine of wealth to its owners, and a source of comfortable subsistence to hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of operatives, is for man to adapt his machinery to it, and to construct ten miles of narrow gauge railway to Seneca City. Mr. Jones, who owns it and a large body of land contiguous to it, has made some liberal offers to any responsible company or individual who will properly improve it. He will give the site and 100 acres of land upon this condition. He will further guarantee them abundance of good building stone, rock, lime and timber. Surely, in the awakening era of manufacturing in this State, this valuable site will not be much longer neglected. And, by-the-way, it is a noteworthy fact, which we learn from the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, New York, that South Carolina is the second of the Southern States in the number of bales and pounds of cotton manufactured within her borders. Georgia leads, and South Carolina follows next. When we get liberal manufacturing laws, and the exemption of manufacturing capital, which we so much need to inspire new life in the business here, as they have done in the State of Georgia, we will go forward more rapidly and rival her more closely.

Of other visits to the tunnel and the beautiful Issaquena Falls, you may hear another time. The air is perfection here now, and it is a luxury to breathe it. No local news, except that cotton is beginning to come in, and G. P. Kirkland has been appointed Auditor, in place of L. B. Johnson. Other officers are trembling in their shoes, it is said. The league meets to-night, and the fifteenth amendments are assembling at the Post Office. That is the place where they do most congregate. [Query—Is it the reason of the obnoxious scarcity of stamps at the Walhalla Post Office?] Dr. Smeltzer is to deliver a sermon before the Bible Society next Sunday, and a camp-meeting is to be held near Pendleton, beginning to-morrow.

Andersen is still reported as sickly, from bilious intermittent fever. Send one of your balloons this way to test the Northerly current, care of D. Bie-man, and it enclose a prognostication of the action of the Legislature and State Administration on the bonded debt question, for our private meditation. A new bale of cotton was bought to-day, by Messrs. Verner & Stribling, at 16 1/16; class middling.

IDLE SPECULATIONS.—It is not to the credit of the Missouri Republican that it brings Wilkes Booth to life again, and labors through a column and a half to prove that he was never dead. It is curious how this same line of fancy recurs again and again in the course of a century. We had the same thing with Quantrell, the Western outlaw; the same with the murdered cigar girl, Mary Rogers; the same with Louis Napoleon; the same with one of the French Dauphins—in each case reams of paper being wasted in demonstrating that some one whom every one knew to be dead was still alive. Poe, in his "Mystery of Marie Boget," explains in a few words the secret of the public interest in such fancies:

"The mass of people regard as profound only him who suggests pungent contradictions of the general idea. In ratiocination, no less than in literature, it is the epigram which is the most immediately and the most universally appreciated. In both it is the lowest order of merit."

CITY MATTERS.—Subscribe for the PHOENIX.

Mr. J. S. Wiley, having finished his purchases, returned home, yesterday.

Mr. Muller wants all consumers of flour to buy his "diamond" brand.

There were ten granges in Columbia for the week ending the 20th—whites 2; colored 8.

How about the "sere and yellow leaf?" Can't some of our cold region papers start this old newspaper standby?

The great want is "light." Captain Stanley can supply it by means of Pratt's astral oil. It is highly recommended.

Mr. Maxey, who resides on the Monticello road, a few miles above Columbia, has lost two mules, for the return of which he offers a liberal reward.

Mr. Symmers prognosticates a good fall business. He is opening his well-selected stock of goods, and will be pleased to see all his customers at their earliest convenience.

Messrs. Hope & Gyles make known a few of the leading articles which they have on hand. A Welsh rare-bit can now be compounded, as they have the kind of cheese suited to its preparation.

Mr. J. P. Rawls, a professional musician, has opened a music store adjacent to the PHOENIX office, where he proposes to keep small instruments, sheet music, etc. His facilities for ordering articles are complete.

We have been furnished with a copy of the premium list of the third annual exhibition of the Fair of the Carolinas, to be held in Charlotte, N. C., on the 25th November, and continuing five days.

Dr. Rawls' hen-house was raided, on Friday night, and a number of valuable chickens carried off. The doctor will pay a liberal reward for the arrest of the thief; not that he wants to take the law on him—oh, no!

Messrs. R. & W. C. Swaffield make public announcement in this morning's PHOENIX of what they have on hand. Those in need should certainly pay them a call, and either get fitted from their stock of ready-made goods, or have their measures taken for a make-up.

The up train over the South Carolina Railroad, due at 1.30 P. M., yesterday, did not arrive until 7.15, owing to the accident below Branchville. There was no night express either up or down, last night. The day trains will run as usual to-morrow—passengers being transferred at the creek.

The river road is in such a horrible condition, that planters complain that it is impossible for them to pass over it with their teams. This matter has been referred to several times, and it is full time that the Commissioners should attend to it. Don't drive away the balance of the cotton-sellers.

Yesterday was a bright, pleasant, sun-shiny day—more like May than September. The thermometer ranged as follows at the Wheeler House: 7 A. M., 70; 9 A. M., 68½; 12 M., 69; 2 P. M., 70; 5 P. M., 70; 7 P. M., 70. At 11 o'clock, there was a perceptible fall in the mercury, and by 12 o'clock it was quite cool.

The autumnal equinox usually occurs on or about the 21st of September, and is now at hand. It is the time when the sun enters the first point of the constellation Libra. On the day the sun crosses the equinoctial line, or in other words, at the autumnal equinox, the days and nights are equal, the length of each being twelve hours.

Gov. Moses has made the following appointments of Aids-de-Camp, with the rank of Colonel: Harry Noah, L. C. Northrop, C. J. Houston, S. B. Thompson, A. W. Curtis, S. L. Hege, L. J. Noah, H. L. Shrewsbury, N. G. Parker, B. F. Whittemore, S. L. Little, J. Crews, A. J. Rausier, R. M. Wallace, H. H. D. Byron, J. O. Ludd, F. H. Carmann, W. H. Berney, C. C. Puffer, William Gurney, C. C. Brown, J. C. Winsmith, J. P. F. Camp, J. R. Cochran, J. H. Runkle, J. A. Danbar.

PHOENIXIANA.—If there is one object in nature or art which a woman worships more than another, it is a water-fall.

The man who knows the most smells a rat sooner than he who has most nose. "You are as ugly as Cain," said a man to his wife. "Well," she replied, "you are certainly Abel to bear it."

We are told that there is nothing young in vain. But how about a pretty young girl? Isn't she maid-en vain? A sentimental lady who had just finished reading about the "cities of the plain," at once put on purple at-Tires and Sighed-on.

The Biblical woman who was turned into a pillar of salt is supposed to have gone back on the old man because she was discontented with her lot.

Blacksmiths are the only people who can engage in forgery without getting into trouble.

ANOTHER FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—

FOUR PERSONS KILLED.—Misfortunes never come singly. On Wednesday, there was a collision on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad by which two persons lost their lives, several were injured and two locomotives and several cars demolished; on Thursday, a collision on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad smashed two locomotives and injured two or three cars; and on Friday night, a wash-out, on the South Carolina Railroad, caused the loss of four lives, the demolishing of a locomotive and five cars and serious injury to the track. The following are the details of this truly fearful accident:

The express train for Augusta, consisting of fourteen freight cars, the conductor's, one passenger and one sleeping car, left Charleston at 8 o'clock, on Friday night. The recent heavy rains had materially raised the numerous water courses, and Engineer Brickman was exercising great care and watchfulness. About 12 o'clock, just after passing Reeves' and when nearly opposite the fifty-mile board, the engineer discovered something wrong ahead, and blow "down brakes," when there was a sudden crash, and the train came to a halt. The employees and passengers immediately rushed forward, when it was discovered that the earth had been washed away, causing the track to sink, and that the locomotive, with four human beings and five cars filled with freight, had been engulfed in the deep waters—the entire surrounding swamp being inundated. There was formerly a culvert at this point, but it had been filled up, and was considered perfectly secure; but the unusually heavy rains had washed away the embankment. There was nothing to be seen of the locomotive but the smoke-stack. So great was the impetus, that two of the freight cars were carried beyond the submerged engine. The names of the unfortunate men who lost their lives were: Henry Brickman, engineer; Wm. Dore, fireman; George W. McManus, train hand; Charles Small, (colored,) wood-passer. As soon as possible, messengers were despatched to Branchville, and assistance promptly rendered. The bodies of the poor men who had lost their lives while in the faithful discharge of their duties could be distinctly seen in the water; but so firmly were they wedged in the debris of the cars and engine, that it was impossible to get them out until 10 o'clock, yesterday morning. No passengers were hurt. Engineer Brickman leaves a wife and eight children; the others were unmarried men. All were residents of Charleston.

RAILROADING.—NARROW ESCAPES.—

The recent heavy rains have washed the railroad tracks in various sections. Conductor Evans informs us, that on some portions of the South Carolina Railroad, there is a perfect flood. The up Columbia night express met with a narrow escape, Friday night, about three miles above Branchville. The engineer thought he felt the locomotive sinking, when he opened the throttle-valve and rushed ahead several hundred yards. The train was then stopped, and on going back to examine, it was found that the earth had washed away and the track had sunk more than a foot. The damage to the road has been repaired.

The day train over the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad also had a narrow escape, near Wilmington, by the washing of the track. The cars swayed, but passed over safely.

A locomotive went through a trestle on the Port Road, but no one was hurt.

OUR BOOK TABLE.—Mr. W. J. Duffie has furnished us with a copy of a work by the ever popular authoress, Miss M. E. Braddon, whose "Aurora Floyd," "Birds of Prey," etc., have attracted such general admiration. In the present novel, entitled "Strangers and Pilgrims," Miss B. has given us quite an interesting plot and a set of characters most of whom are like real people, with whose thoughts and passions we learn to sympathize, and whose words and actions could not be transferred all round from one to the other, like the plates and cups in the mad tea-party, without a shock to one's sense of consistency.

Dr. Blauvelt's articles on "Modern Skepticism," in *Scribner's Monthly* for October, have excited much discussion. The same number has the concluding page of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," and Bret Harte's "Episode of Fiddletown." With the November number, a new volume will commence. With it will begin two American serials, "Katharine Earle," by Miss Adeline Trafton, and "Earthen Pitchers," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. Mr. Frode's papers will also begin in November. Scribner & Co., New York, are the publishers.

The failures in New York have attracted considerable interest in this city. Some few persons were disposed to be a little panicky, but soon found out that it wouldn't pay here. We presume that there is not a bank South of Baltimore that deals sufficiently in Northern railroad stocks to be at all affected by the catastrophe, except in an extra turn or two of the vault keys against applicants for discount; but this they get sufficiently used to during the past summer. Our despatches record the suspension of some of the strongest banking establishments in the country—Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch and others. Wild and extravagant speculation has met with inevitable results. The present crash may clear the atmosphere, like a thunder-storm. At all events, the South cannot be hurt much by the collapse of a ring of New York gold and stock gamblers. The intervention of the Secretary of the Treasury with Government funds is confidently relied upon to check or quell the storm. But, as the actual state of rottenness is not known, the precise limit of the catastrophe cannot be determined at this date.

THE HEBREW NEW YEAR.—The Hebrew New Year, or, according to the Jewish calendar, the first day of the year 5634, since the creation of the world, commenced on Friday last. It was the first of the month Tishri, which begins the sacred year, the civil year beginning with the month Nisa, and dates from the day when the hosts of Israel achieved their independence of Pharaoh, and resumed their position as a nation. During the month of Tishri, after the festival of the new year, will follow the days of repentance, which immediately precede the Day of Atonement, which occurs on the 10th day of the month. Four days after, the Feast of Tabernacles begin and continues eight days. After the Feast of Tabernacles comes that of Rejoicing over the Law, that law which was transmitted by Moses. The New Year's Day is also called the Day of Remembrance and the Day of Trumpets. The ceremonies attending the occasion will be commenced this (Sunday) evening, the 21st, and among the strictly orthodox be continued until the evening of Tuesday, the 23d, followed by the fast of Guedalyah on Wednesday, the 24th. The Feast of Yom-kippurim, or the Day of Atonement, which occurs seven days following, on what is known as the 10th day of the month of Tishri, will be observed alike by orthodox and reformed congregations. The days of penitence being now at hand, every morning before daylight Israelites who are strict repair to their respective synagogues, where the ram's horn or trumpet is blown, and many impressive ceremonies performed.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES THIS DAY.—St. Peter's (Catholic) Church—Rev. J. L. Fullerton, First Mass 7 A. M.; Second Mass 10 A. M.; Vespers 4½ P. M.

Trinity Church—Rev. P. J. Shand, 10½ A. M. and 5 P. M.

Lutheran Church—Rev. A. R. Rude, 10½ A. M.

Baptist Church—Rev. J. K. Mendenhall, pastor, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Sunday School at 9 A. M.

Marion Street Church—Rev. W. D. Kirkland, 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M.

Sunday School, 9 A. M.

Washington Street Church—Rev. O. A. Darby, 10½ A. M. and 5 P. M.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. E. M. Green, 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Northern mail opens 6.30 and 10.30 A. M.; closes 8 A. M. and 6.30 P. M. Charleston opens 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.; closes 6.15 and 8.30 P. M. Western opens 6.30 and 9.30 A. M.; closes 9 and 6.30 P. M. Wilmington opens 4.30 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. Greenville opens 6.45 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. On Sunday the office is open from 9½ to 10½ A. M.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS
Meeting Myrtle Lodge.
J. P. Rawls—Music Store.
R. & W. O. Swaffield—Goods.
Hope & Gyles—Butter, etc.
W. B. Stanley—Astral Oil.
J. Maxey—Mules Strayed.
Geo. Symmers—Fall Trade.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A DEPRESSED, IRRITABLE STATE OF MIND; WEAK, NERVOUS, EXHAUSTED FEELING; NO ENERGY OR ANIMATION; CONFUSED HEAD, WEAK MEMORY, OFTEN WITH DEBILITATING, INVOLUNTARY DISCHARGES. The consequence of excesses, mental overwork or indiscretions. This NERVOUS DEBILITY finds a SOVEREIGN CURE in HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC, No. 28. It tones up the system, arrests discharges, dispels the mental gloom and despondency, and rejuvenates the entire system; it is perfectly harmless and a way-efficient. Price \$5 for a package of five boxes and a large \$2 vial of powder, which is important in old serious cases; or \$1 per single box. Sold by ALL Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY, No. 562 Broadway, N. Y. For sale by GUNTER & MCGREGOR, Columbia, S. C. April 11